

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Breath Control"

[krs-one] + [somebody beatboxing]

Let me tell you bout a crew I know [ba bum bum]

Called boogie down productions and they steal the show [ba bum bum]

With dj scott larock and krs-one

[ba-bum, ba-ba-bum, ba-bum-ba-bum-babababababababa]

With d-nice you know the job is done

And I know [boom-ba-bum] oh yes I know [ba-boom-ba-bum]

I know because I'm krs-one, yo check this out

[beatbox continues in the background]

[krs-one]

Breath control.. here's an example

I appeal, to the +criminal minded+

You can't find it, boy you're still blinded

Why don't you open your eyes and stop dissin

Get a prescription to listen

Sit in the class and ask real fast about a fresh rap

You're gettin left back, set back, kept back

Get back, I don't accept that material

Your rhymes are artificially flavored like cereal

I like clarity, so when you come here

Speak clear and concise and then I might give

A little slack to.. nah, wait - I take that back

If you're wack, I'll slap, fuck that!

Boogie down productions back, simply cause we never left

The radical sounds of krs

What a mess, to roll up and then 'fess

Wild guess huh, you thought you were the best?

But - yup yup - as it always turns out

You get burned out, your rhymes just run out

I immediately come out, boomin dope and

Don't provoke, you're walkin a very thin rope

Not even rope, the word I'm lookin for is string

When I sing, I sing to try and bring

Enlightenment, yet the suckers be bitin it

Radio's fightin it, the fans be likin it

Your face I'm wipin it, cause your mouth is dirty

You're unworthy to think that you can serve me

You heard me? these styles are universal

You need rehearsal, wait, first i'll

Beef up the system, rhyth, rhymin, timin, climbin

Then realizing

As producer of this dope record huh
I think it's time we break for a second

Breath control..

[krs-one]

That's it, that's it, that's it
Break is over, back to the track
Resume attack, on the crews that are wack
We don't lack, I mean, we don't like
The played out styles when we're rockin the mic
The radical rebel at level fifteen
The amp only goes to ten, you know what I mean?
As it seems, it seems that you're doomed
Yes I'll boom and consume the whole room
Not a part, not a fraction or a sum
But all, capital krs-one
B-d-b-d-b-d-b-d-p
Takin mc's out constantly!
Because you're no big deal, you're no big wheel
You steal, come before me and kneel but
I'm not a king, I'm not a queen, I'm not a ace
I'm not a jack, I'm not a mc or a playboy
And I just ain't wack
I feel that you should get an understanding
You might be jamming, but krs-one is slamming
Hypothetically, or in reality
Takin you out, is a small technicality
Rhymes like these, or rhymes like this one
Comes in handy, while I diss some
Soft silly low budget sucker like yourself
I got the style you need, in my house on the shelf
Labelled, sucker boy style
I like to do it every once in a while..